



Which you will for a Half-penny,
Golden Rennets.

JUST by St. Andrew's, Holborn
hill,

*Sir, for a Half-penny which you will,
The noisy Apple-women cry,
To all who busily pass by.
Apples in towers pil'd up behold,
With rinds as clear and pure as gold ;
But if their goodness you'd assay,
Pray taste and try before you pay.*